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MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS™

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WOLVERINE "SAVE THE TIGER" 1

WRITER—Chris Claremont
BREAKDOWNS—John Buscema
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LETTERER—Lois Buhalis
COLORIST—Glynis Oliver

"THINGS GET WORSE"—PART 7 OF 10
Roche makes his move to smash the Tiger's newborn organization—by killing everyone even remotely connected with his rival, and starting with the Tiger himself!

MAN-THING "ELEMENTS OF TERROR" 9

WRITER—Steve Gerber
PENCILER—Tom Sutton
INKER—Tom Sutton
LETTERER—Bill Oakley
COLORIST—Petra Scotese

"BOXES"—PART 7 OF 12
Perfect chaos—Marea saw it, felt it, learned to cherish it on her journey through the Man-Thing's inner being. Now, to fulfill her mission for the "master" she worships, she must bring that immaculate madness into flower on earth. She must expose loyalty as betrayal, truth as lie, love as hate, duty as obsession. It may prove easier than she expects...

MASTER OF KUNG FU "CROSSING LINES" 17

WRITER—Doug Moench
PENCILER—Tom Grindberg
INKER—Dave Cockrum
LETTERER—Michael Heisler
COLORIST—Petra Scotese

"HOOKS"—PART 7 OF 8
Hoping to locate a terrorist base run by an arms merchant named Argus, Shang-Chi and Shen Kuei (A.K.A. Cat) survive encounters with drug dealers and Yakuza gangsters, rejoining Blackjack Tarr and Clive Reston to follow the bloody trail to its end—before moves are made on Leiko Wu's life and a NATO conference in Rome.

SUB-MARINER "FROM SEA TO DEADLY SEA" 25

PLOT—Steve Ditko
SCRIPT—Hollis Bright
PENCILER—Steve Ditko
INKER—Dan Adkins
LETTERER—Todd Klein
COLORIST—Glynis Oliver

Prince Namor, defender of the seven seas and deposed ruler of the underwater kingdom of Atlantis—a tragic figure who roams the oceans of the world ever searching for the peace that has always eluded him...

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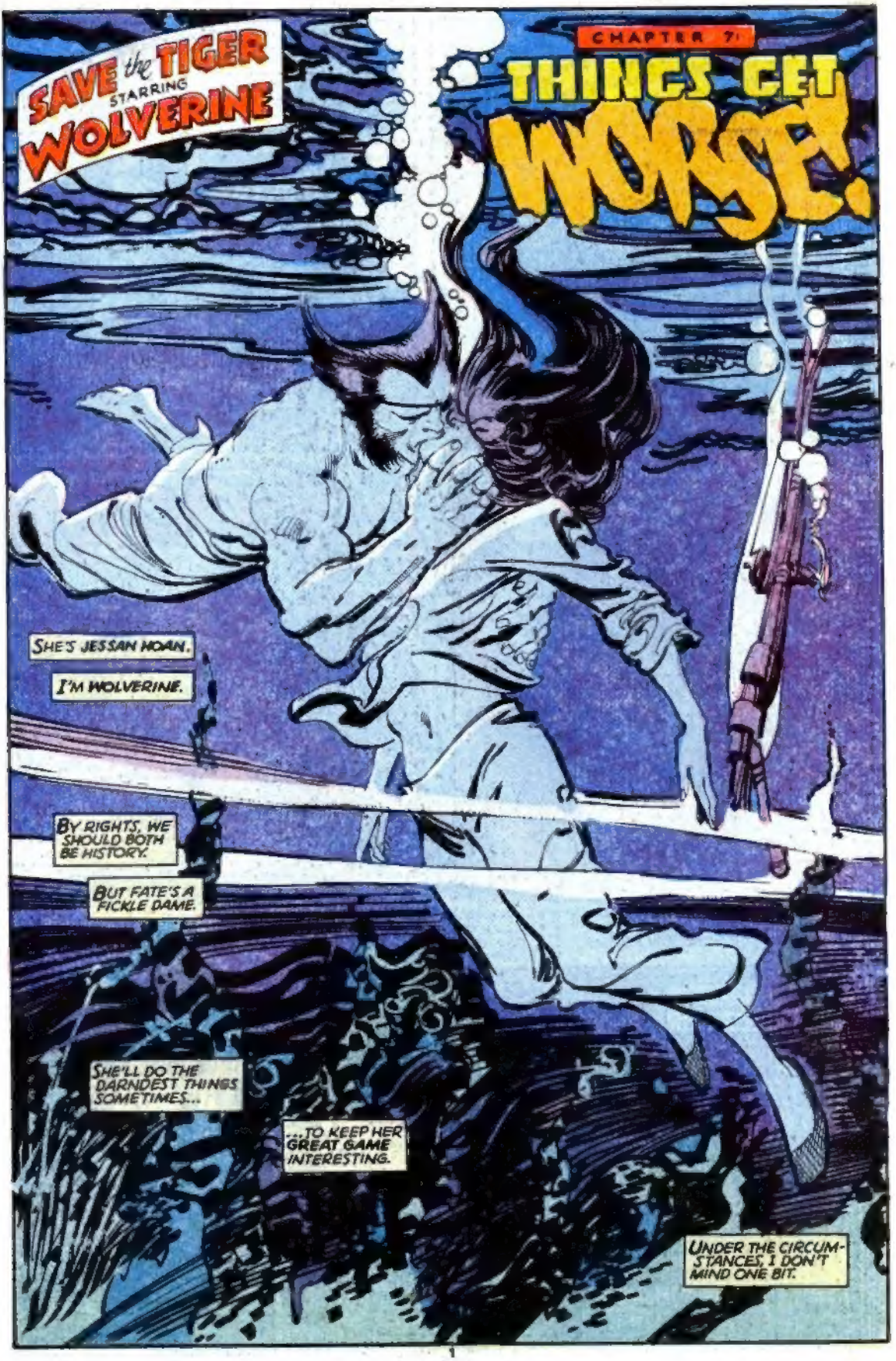
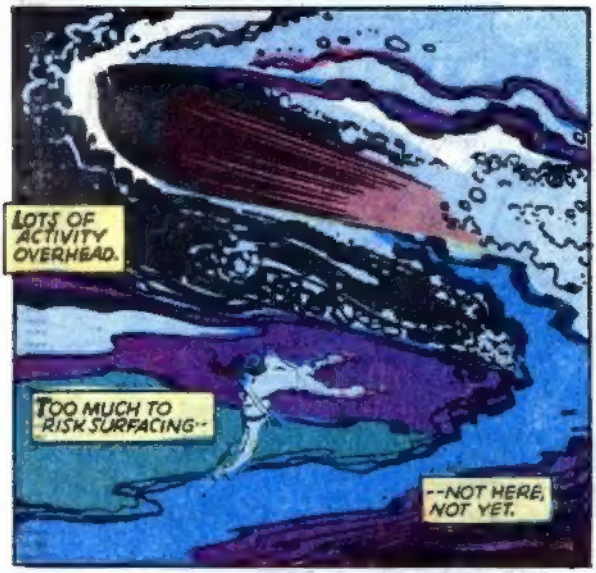

SAVE the TIGER
STARRING
WOLVERINE
CHAPTER 7:
THINGS GET WORSE!
SHE'S JESSAN HOAN.
I'M WOLVERINE.
BY RIGHTS, WE SHOULD BOTH BE HISTORY.
BUT FATE'S A FICKLE DAME.
SHE'LL DO THE DARNDEST THINGS SOMETIMES...
...TO KEEP HER GREAT GAME INTERESTING.
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I DON'T MIND ONE BIT.


LOTS OF ACTIVITY OVERHEAD.
TOO MUCH TO RISK SURFACING--
--NOT HERE, NOT YET.

BEEN MAYBE A HUNDRED SECONDS SINCE WE HIT THE WATER.
JESS AN' I, WE'D GONE ABOARD THIS JUNK SHE SAID WAS SKIPPERED BY A SMUGGLER PAL.
FOUND THE CREW DEAD...
...THE BOAT BOOBY-TRAPPED.

DON'T THINK I'VE EVER MOVED THAT FAST.
DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE WHAT I WAS DOING 'TIL LONG AFTER IT WAS DONE.
NO TIME TO SAVE THE CAPTAIN.

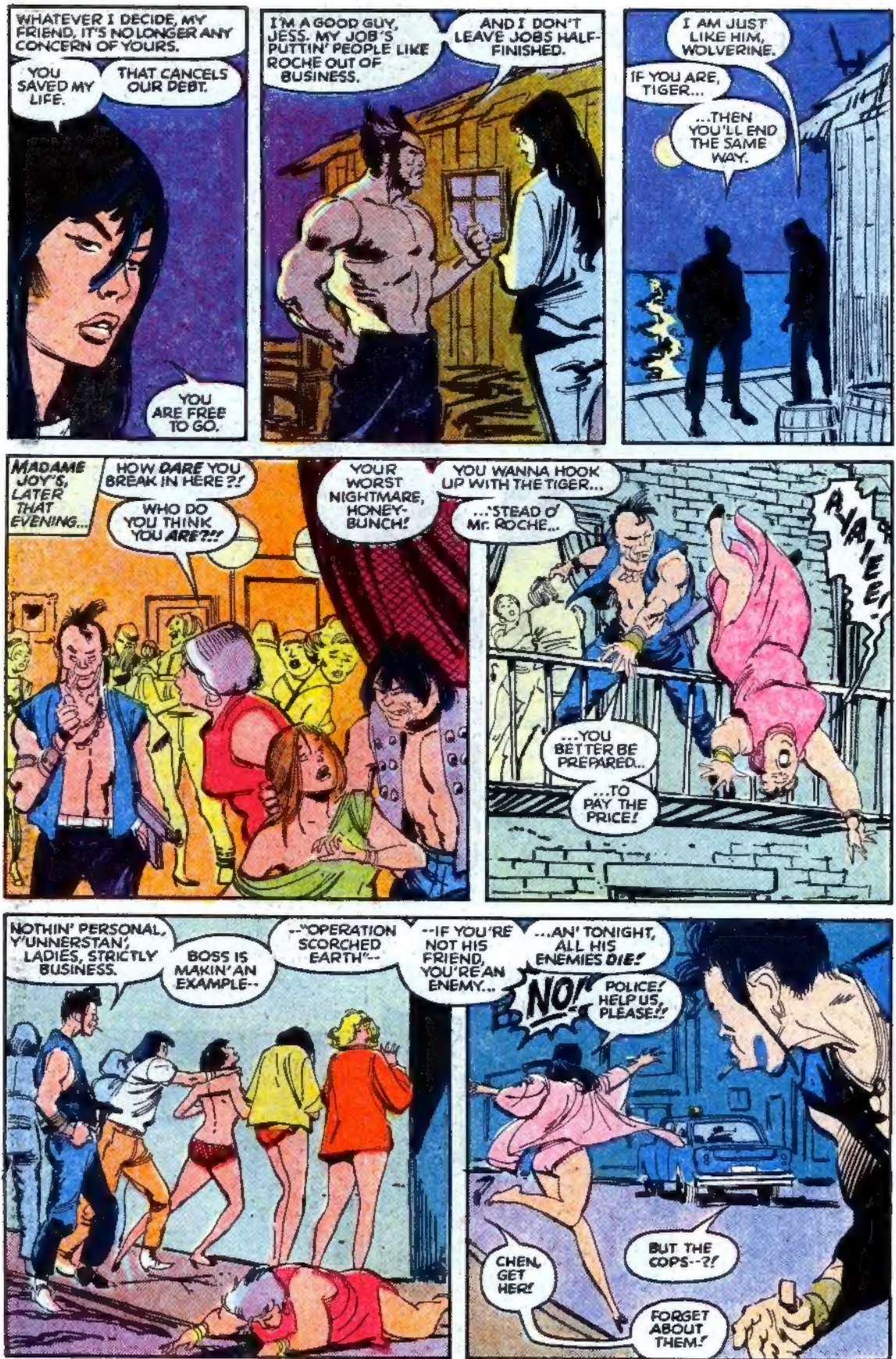
SK-BOOM!
WE WERE BARELY ABLE TO SAVE OURSELVES.

DOVE DEEP AND SWAM AS FAR AS I COULD--SHARING MY BREATH SO SHE WOULDN'T DROWN--
--BEFORE COMING UP SLOW...
...IN THE LEE OF ANOTHER JUNK.

SUDDEN SENSATION OF FRESH AIR PROMPTS AN INSTINCTIVE GULP-GASP REFLEX.
SOUND CARRIES OVER WATER AT NIGHT. CAN'T ALLOW EVEN THE SLIGHTEST PEEP.

MY HAND CLAMPED TIGHT OVER HER MOUTH BRINGS HER WIDE AWAKE.
BUT SHE'S AS SMART AS SHE IS TOUGH, IMMEDIATELY REALIZING WHERE WE ARE...
...AS WELL AS THE NEED FOR SILENCE.

POOR LEE--THE LOOK IN HIS EYES, AS I CAME THROUGH THE DOOR...
HARD TO BELIEVE...
...WE'RE STILL ALIVE.
DON'T JUMP FOR JOY YET, DARLIN'.
ROCHE'S PUNKBOYS AREN'T TAKING ANYTHING FOR GRANTED.
NEITHER ARE WE.
WE TAKE OUR TIME HEADING FOR SHORE...
...USING THE BOATS CROWDING THE DAGGER BAY ANCHORAGE FOR COVER.
JESS FOLLOWS MY LEAD ALL THE WAY.
DOES A PRETTY FAIR JOB OF WATCHING OUR BACK.
SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S ABOUT.
WHARF'S DESERTED.
WE'RE IN THE CLEAR.
HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?
I'M A MUTANT, REMEMBER? I'D SMELL 'EM.
IT'S YOUR MOVE NOW, JESS.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU'RE THE TIGER--THE BABY CRIMELORD WHO'S CHALLENGING ROCHE FOR CONTROL OF THE MADRIPOOR UNDERWORLD.
ONLY IT LOOKS LIKE ROCHE HAS DECIDED TO END THE WAR--QUICK AS HE CAN, ANY WAY HE CAN.
YOU GOT TWO OPTIONS...
...CUT AND RUN--OR FIGHT.

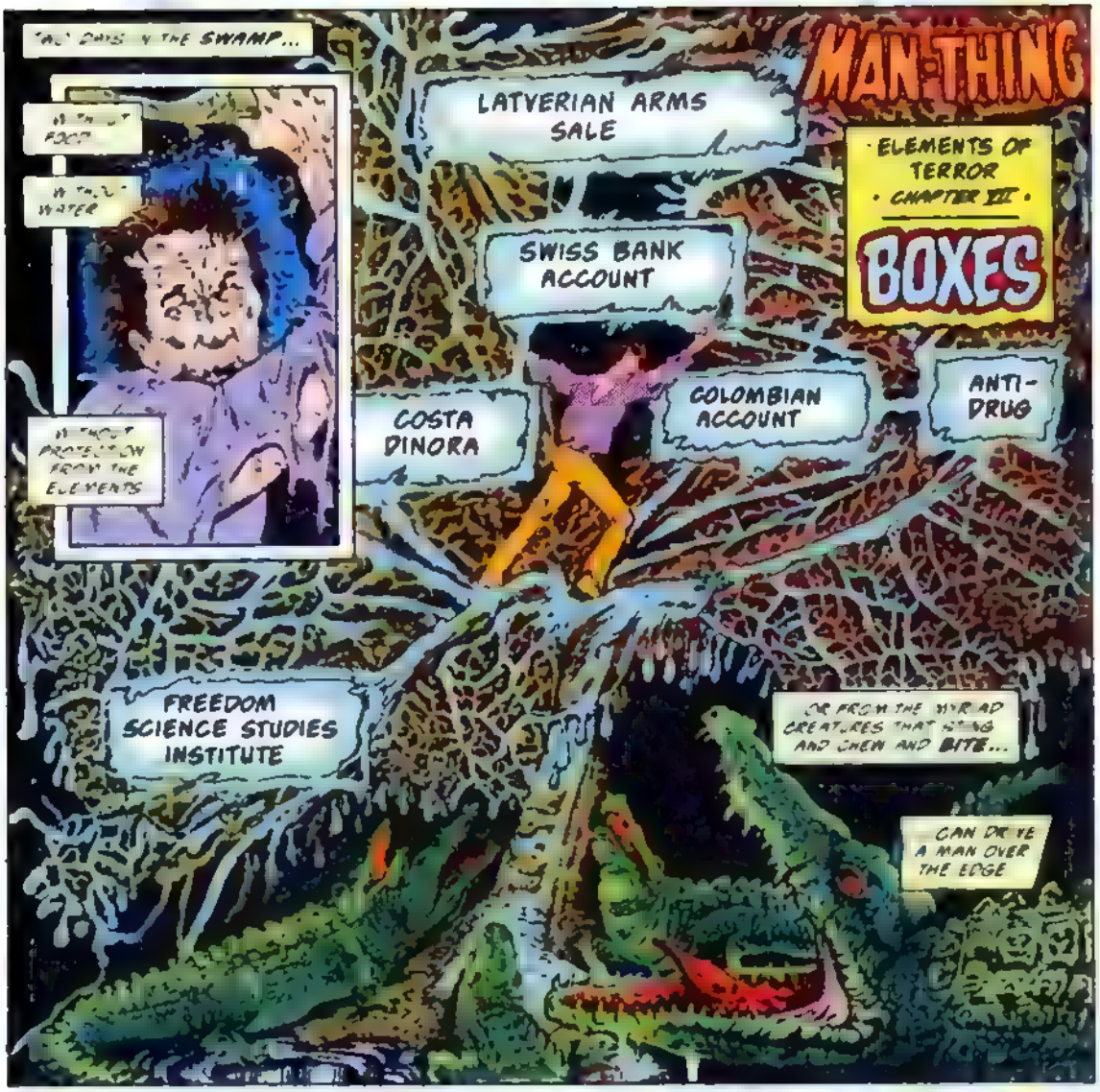

WHATEVER I DECIDE, MY FRIEND, IT'S NO LONGER ANY CONCERN OF YOURS.
YOU SAVED MY LIFE.
THAT CANCELS OUR DEBT.
YOU ARE FREE TO GO.
I'M A GOOD GUY, JESS. MY JOB'S PUTTIN' PEOPLE LIKE ROCHE OUT OF BUSINESS.
AND I DON'T LEAVE JOBS HALF-FINISHED.
I AM JUST LIKE HIM, WOLVERINE.
IF YOU ARE, TIGER...
...THEN YOU'LL END THE SAME WAY.
MADAME JOY'S, LATER THAT EVENING...
HOW DARE YOU BREAK IN HERE?!
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!!
YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE, HONEY-BUNCH!
YOU WANNA HOOK UP WITH THE TIGER...
...'STEAD O' Mr. ROCHE...
AYAIEE!
...YOU BETTER BE PREPARED...
...TO PAY THE PRICE!
NOTHIN' PERSONAL, Y'UNNERSTAN', LADIES, STRICTLY BUSINESS.
BOSS IS MAKIN' AN EXAMPLE--
--"OPERATION SCORCHED EARTH"--
--IF YOU'RE NOT HIS FRIEND, YOU'RE AN ENEMY...
...AN' TONIGHT, ALL HIS ENEMIES DIE!
NO!
POLICE! HELP US, PLEASE!!
CHEN, GET HER!
BUT THE COPS--?!
FORGET ABOUT THEM!

"THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN CARE OF."
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
C'MON, GIRL--puff--GIVE IT UP!
THERE'S NOWHERE--puff--TO RUN--
--NO ONE'LL HIDE YOU--puff--
--STINKIN' CIGARETTES--!
DO US BOTH A FAVOR--pant--YOU'RE JUST MAKIN' IT HARDER ON
SMAK!
CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER.
WE'VE GOT A SCHEDULE TO KEEP.
BE BRAVE, MY PETS.
IT'LL BE OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.
THERE YOU ARE!
HAD US WORRIED, CHEN. THOUGHT YOU'D LOST HER. BOSS WOULDN'T LIKE--HEY?!
YOU'RE NOT--?!
YOUR FRIEND'S ALREADY MET HIS MAKER, DOG-SONS!
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!
BRRRRIPPT!
GYAGH
VDOW!
VYIP!
BYANG
THWUD!

PUNKBOYS ARE TOO RATTLED BY OUR ATTACK TO SHOOT STRAIGHT.
THEY'RE FAT AN' SLOW AN' SLOPPY--
--TOO USED TO OPPOSITION THAT WON'T FIGHT BACK.
JESS LIVES UP TO HER NAMESAKE--
--AS FEROCIOUS AS A TIGER...
...AND EASILY AS DEADLY.
IN LESS THAN A MINUTE...
...THE FIRE-FIGHT'S HISTORY...
...ALONG WITH ALL OF THE PUNKBOYS...
...SAVE ONE--THE LEADER.
I TOOK SPECIAL CARE TO KEEP HIM SAFE.
I WANT INFORMATION, BUB...
...ABOUT YOUR BOSS AN' HIS PLANS.
HE ISN'T OF A MIND TO BE COOPERATIVE.
THUUH!
YOU WANT TO PLAY THE HERO, FINE BY ME.
BUT IF I CAN'T PERSUADE YOU TO TALK...
...I BET I KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN.

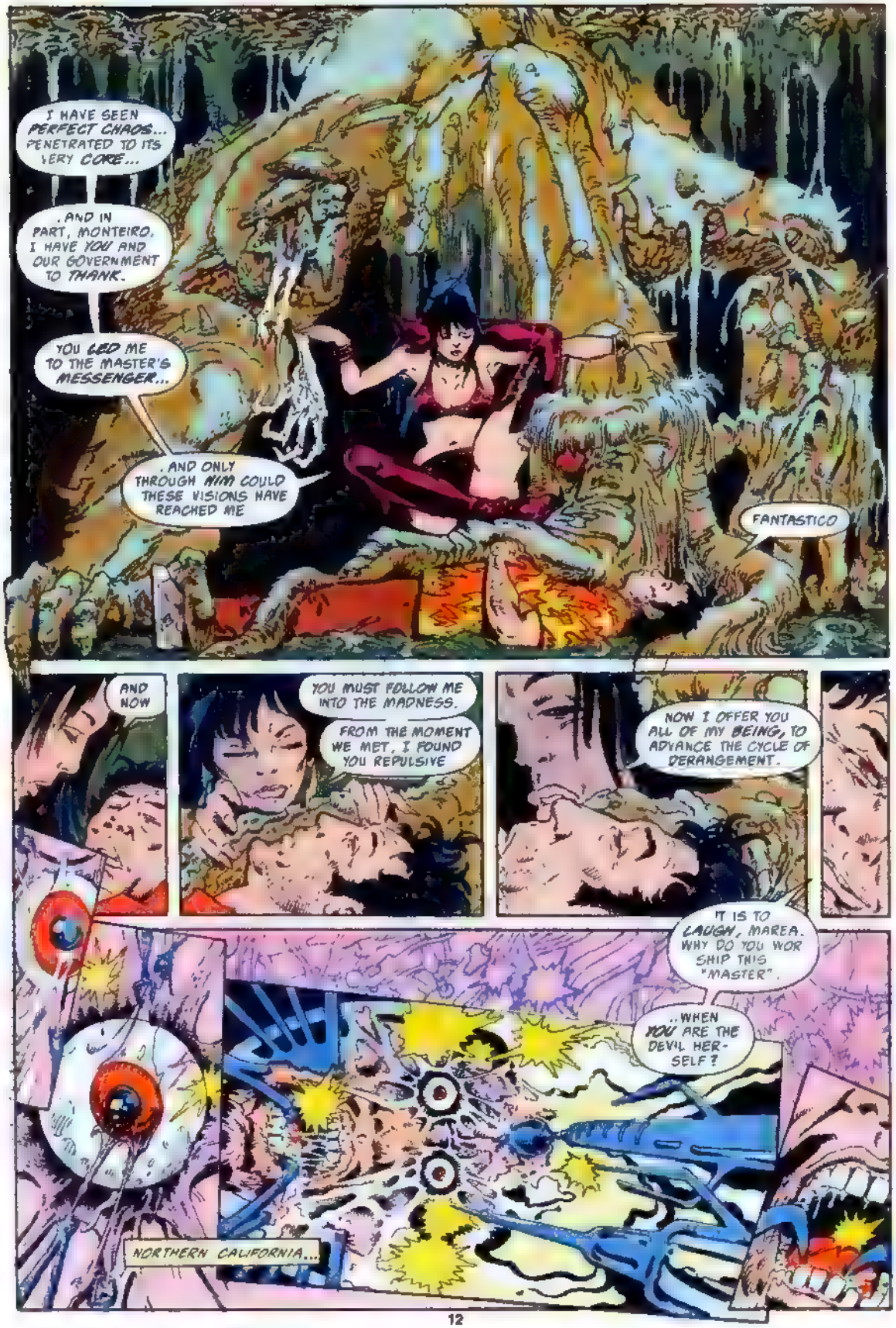
I'LL LET YOU LIVE, THEY MAY NOT BE SO FORGIVING.
SUCH A SWEET BOY.
HE WON'T BE SO PROUD--OR PRETTY--WHEN WE'RE THROUGH WITH HIM.
BUT HE'LL SING SOOO SWEETLY.
LIKE A CANARY.
I'LL TALK, I'LL TALK!
ROCHE KNOWS WHO THE TIGER IS--GONNA MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIS EXECUTION.
"HIS?"
YEAH--IT'S THAT SALOON-KEEPER, O'DONNELL--
UNGNH!
WHERE IS HE?!
ROCHE'S... VILLA...!
PLEASE--YOU PROMISED!
SAID--YOU WOULDN'T--KILL!
AND I'M A MAN OF MY WORD.
SO YOU BETTER RUN, BOY, WHILE YOU GOT THE CHANCE.
HE TAKES THE HINT.
YOUR BOSS GOT IT WRONG.
O'DONNELL ISN'T THE TIGER.
BUT HE DOESN'T GET FAR.
ONLY HER FRIEND.
GLYGKGX
YOU CAN TELL YOUR MASTER THAT...
...WHEN YOU WELCOME HIM TO HELL.
YOU PROMISED, WOLVERINE.
I DID NOT.
AND I SWEAR, BY ALL I HOLD HOLY...
ROCHE WILL GET THE SAME!

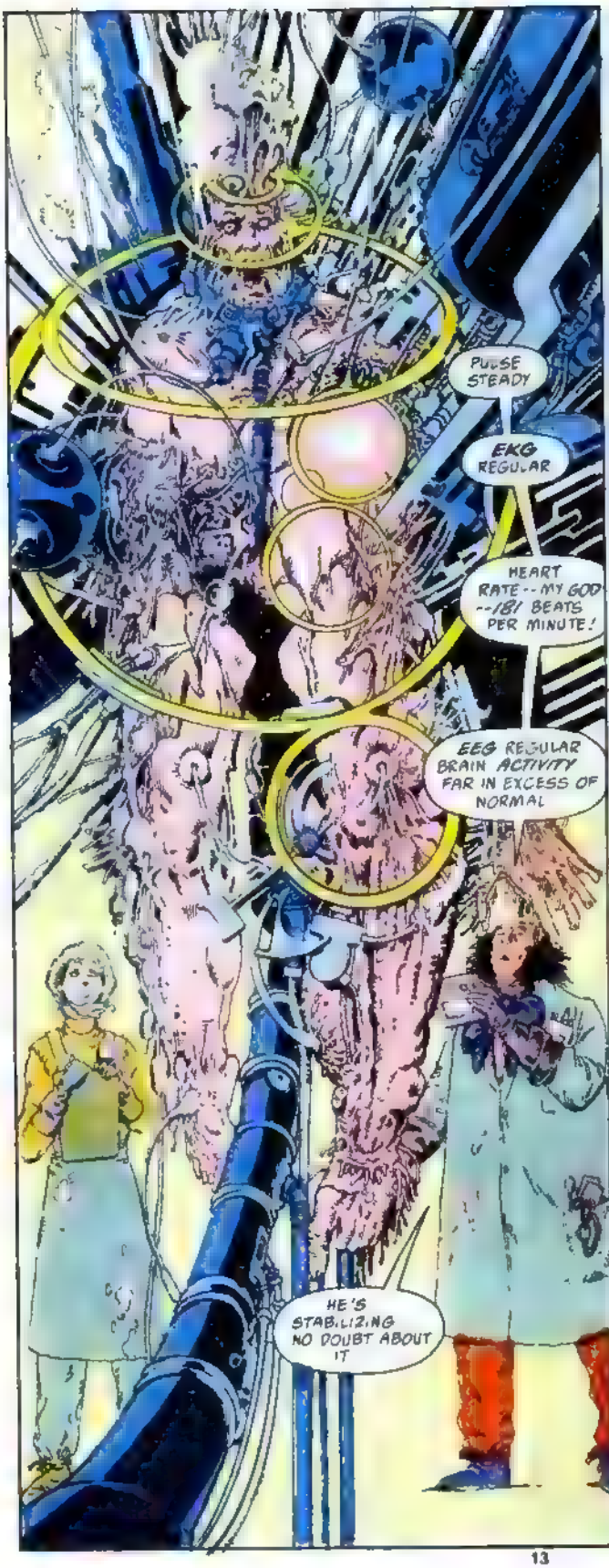
IS NOT THE VIEW MAGNIFICENT FROM MY VILLA, MY FRIEND? A MAN COULD DO WORSE THAN HAVE THIS FOR THE LAST THING ON EARTH HE SEES.
YOU PUT UP A BRAVE FIGHT, O'DONNELL...
...BUT YOU WERE OUTMATCHED FROM THE START.
HAVE YOU ANY LAST WORDS...
.. BEFORE RAZORFIST DOES HIS DUTY?
BETTER WATCH YOURSELF, ROCHE--
--DON'T FORGET, THE TIGER IS A CAT...
.. AND CATS HAVE NINE LIVES
AN ADMIRABLE SENTIMENT.
SHALL WE PUT IT TO THE TEST?
IT ISN'T FAIR, ROCHE, WHY DOES RAZORFIST HAVE ALL THE FUN?
BE PATIENT, SAPPHIRE MY SWEET...
...YOU'LL GET YOUR TURN.
ROCHE--HE MISSED!
SLASH!
FOOL!
AFTER THE TROUBLE YOU'VE CAUSED ME, DID YOU TRULY BELIEVE I'D GRANT SO QUICK AND CLEAN AN END?!
NO SUCH LUCK, O'DONNELL.
FOR YOU, THE TORMENT HAS NOT EVEN BEGUN!
KILL HIM SLOWLY, INQUISITOR!
BEFORE HE DIES, I WANT THE WHOLE CITY TO HEAR HIM SCREAM--
--AND KNOW, ONCE AND FOR ALL...
...WHO IS THE MASTER HERE!
NEXT ISSUE: THE FIGHT!

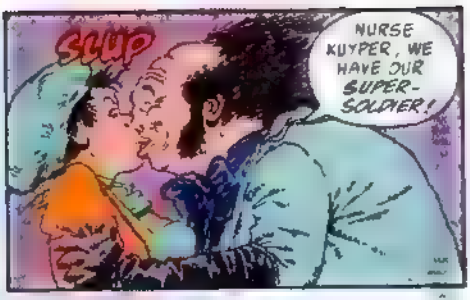

MAN-THING
ELEMENTS OF TERROR
CHAPTER XII
BOXES
LATVERIAN ARMS SALE
SWISS BANK ACCOUNT
COSTA DINORA
COLOMBIAN ACCOUNT
ANTI-DRUG
FREEDOM SCIENCE STUDIES INSTITUTE
OR FROM THE MYRIAD CREATURES THAT STING AND CHEW AND BITE...
CAN DRIVE A MAN OVER THE EDGE
...HE'S BEGUN TO SEE CONSPIRACIES EVERYWHERE.

HE SNAPS
SNAP
UHHH..
OONPPH..
THUNT
NO
HRRNNH
BUDDABUDDABUDDABRREPP
I. I OWE YOU-- MY LIFE...
SPOONIN' RIGHT, YOU DO.
WHICH IS, LIKE, INCREDIBLY SYMMETRICOUS, MAN--
USMC
--CUZ THAT'S WHAT I WANT IN RETURN FOR TH' FAVOR...!
YER GONNA BE THE SPOONIN' STAR O' THE RITUAL, MAN...
HAIL SATAN-- TWIST AN SHOUT

WASHINGTON, D.C. ...
"I TOOK MY DUTIES ON THE NATIONAL SECURITY STAFF SERIOUSLY, SENATOR. JODY CHOATE WAS NOT A 'LOOSE CANNON' ON THE DECK OF STATE."
I'M A CREATURE OF THE MILITARY, SIR. I BELIEVE IN MAINTAINING THE CHAIN OF COMMAND
I DID NOT CONSULT MY SUPERIORS ABOUT MY ACTIONS IN THIS MATTER, BECAUSE I SAW NO REASON TO DO SO.
THE AID TO THE COSTA DINORAN FREEDOM FIGHTERS AND THE ANTI-DRUG OPERATIONS WERE NOT FUNDED WITH TAX-PAYERS' DOLLARS--
--AND I WAS NOT, AS SOME HAVE CHARGED, PURSUING MY OWN FOREIGN POLICY
YOU ACTED, THEN, WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF THE NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISER, THE C.I.A. DIRECTOR, OR THE PRESIDENT?
I DON'T TRY TO DO THEIR JOBS, SIR...
AND THEY DON'T DO A LIEUTENANT COLONEL'S.
CASAGATA..
I'M HOME FROM THE HUNT, BABE.. SO, LIKE, WHERE'S HER WORSHIP?
MAEEA...?
YOU ARE SOOO BRAIN-DAMAGED-- WH? ELSE?
SHE'S STILL IN THE PARLOR, AND NOBODY'S SUPPOSEDTA DISTURB HER
SHE SAID THE MASTER IS SHOWIN' HER A VISION...?

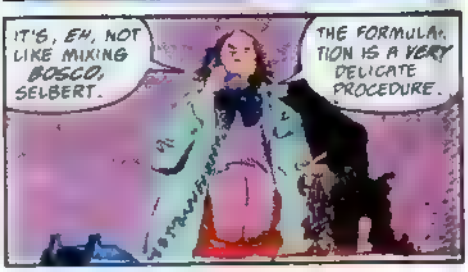

I HAVE SEEN PERFECT CHAOS... PENETRATED TO ITS VERY CORE...
...AND IN PART, MONTEIRO, I HAVE YOU AND OUR GOVERNMENT TO THANK.
YOU LED ME TO THE MASTER'S MESSENGER...
...AND ONLY THROUGH HIM COULD THESE VISIONS HAVE REACHED ME
FANTASTICO
AND NOW
YOU MUST FOLLOW ME INTO THE MADNESS.
FROM THE MOMENT WE MET, I FOUND YOU REPULSIVE
NOW I OFFER YOU ALL OF MY BEING, TO ADVANCE THE CYCLE OF DERANGEMENT.
IT IS TO LAUGH, MAREA. WHY DO YOU WORSHIP THIS "MASTER"...
...WHEN YOU ARE THE DEVIL HERSELF?
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA...


PULSE STEADY
EKG REGULAR
HEART RATE--MY GOD --187 BEATS PER MINUTE!
EEG REGULAR BRAIN ACTIVITY FAR IN EXCESS OF NORMAL
HE'S STABILIZING NO DOUBT ABOUT IT


SLUP
NURSE KUYPER, WE HAVE OUR SUPER-SOLDIER!

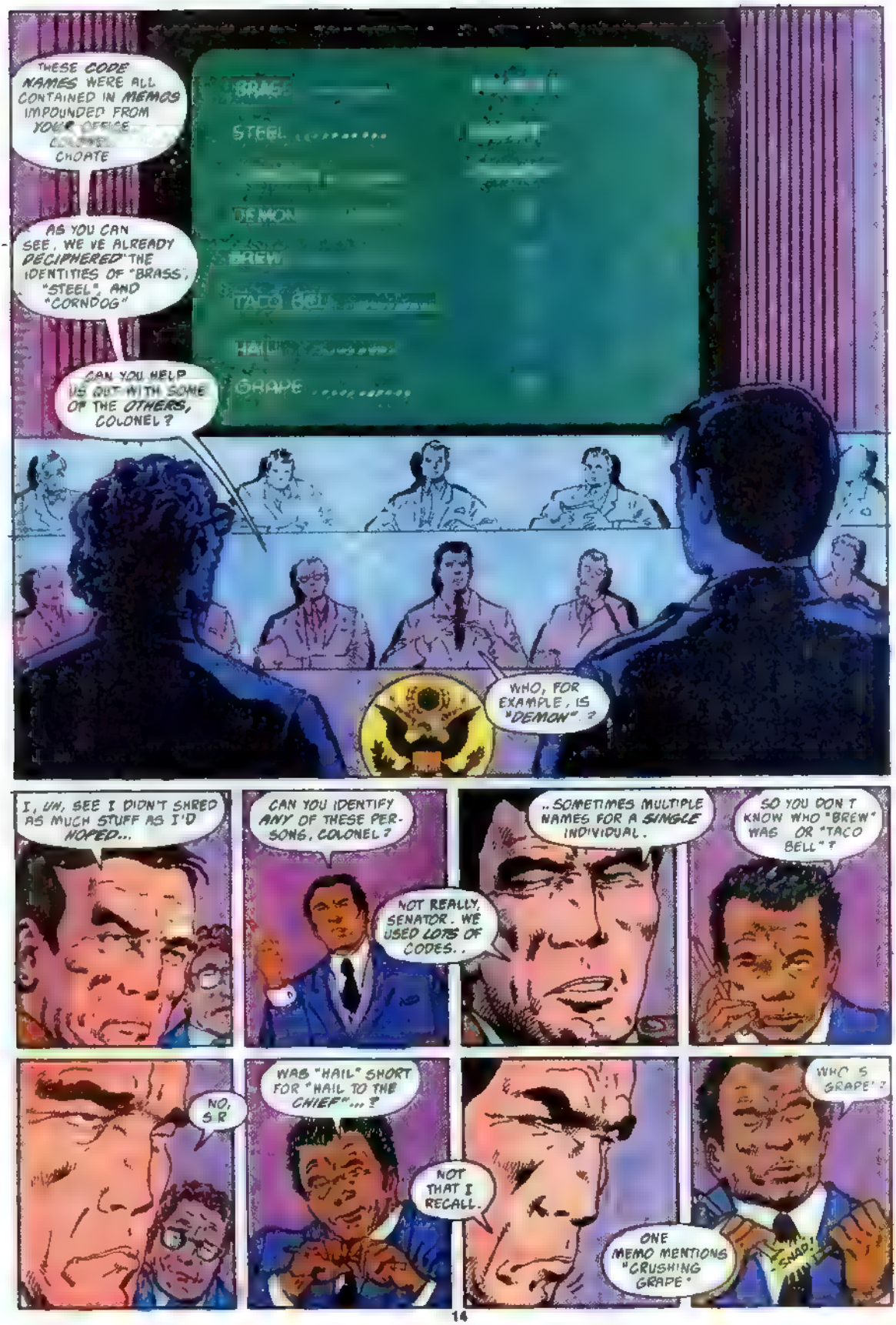
AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...!

CONGRATULATIONS, McDONALD. HOW LONG TO MAKE UP A BATCH OF THE SERUM?


IT'S, EH, NOT LIKE MIXING BOSCO, SELBERT.
THE FORMULATION IS A VERY DELICATE PROCEDURE.

I NEED SIX MORE DOSES, PACKAGED AND READY FOR SHIPMENT TO COSTA DINORA. YOU'VE GOT 48 HOURS

COSTA DINORA?
WHY ON EARTH?


THESE CODE NAMES WERE ALL CONTAINED IN MEMOS IMPOUNDED FROM YOUR OFFICE, COLONEL CHOATE
AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'VE ALREADY DECIPHERED THE IDENTITIES OF "BRASS", "STEEL", AND "CORNDOG"
CAN YOU HELP US OUT WITH SOME OF THE OTHERS, COLONEL?
BRASS
STEEL
DEMON
BREW
TACO BELL
HAIL
GRAPE
WHO, FOR EXAMPLE, IS "DEMON"?
I, UH, SEE I DIDN'T SHRED AS MUCH STUFF AS I'D HOPED...
CAN YOU IDENTIFY ANY OF THESE PERSONS, COLONEL?
NOT REALLY, SENATOR. WE USED LOTS OF CODES..
..SOMETIMES MULTIPLE NAMES FOR A SINGLE INDIVIDUAL.
SO YOU DON'T KNOW WHO "BREW" WAS OR "TACO BELL"?
NO, SIR
WAS "HAIL" SHORT FOR "HAIL TO THE CHIEF"...?
NOT THAT I RECALL.
ONE MEMO MENTIONS "CRUSHING GRAPE"
WHO'S "GRAPE"?
SNAP!

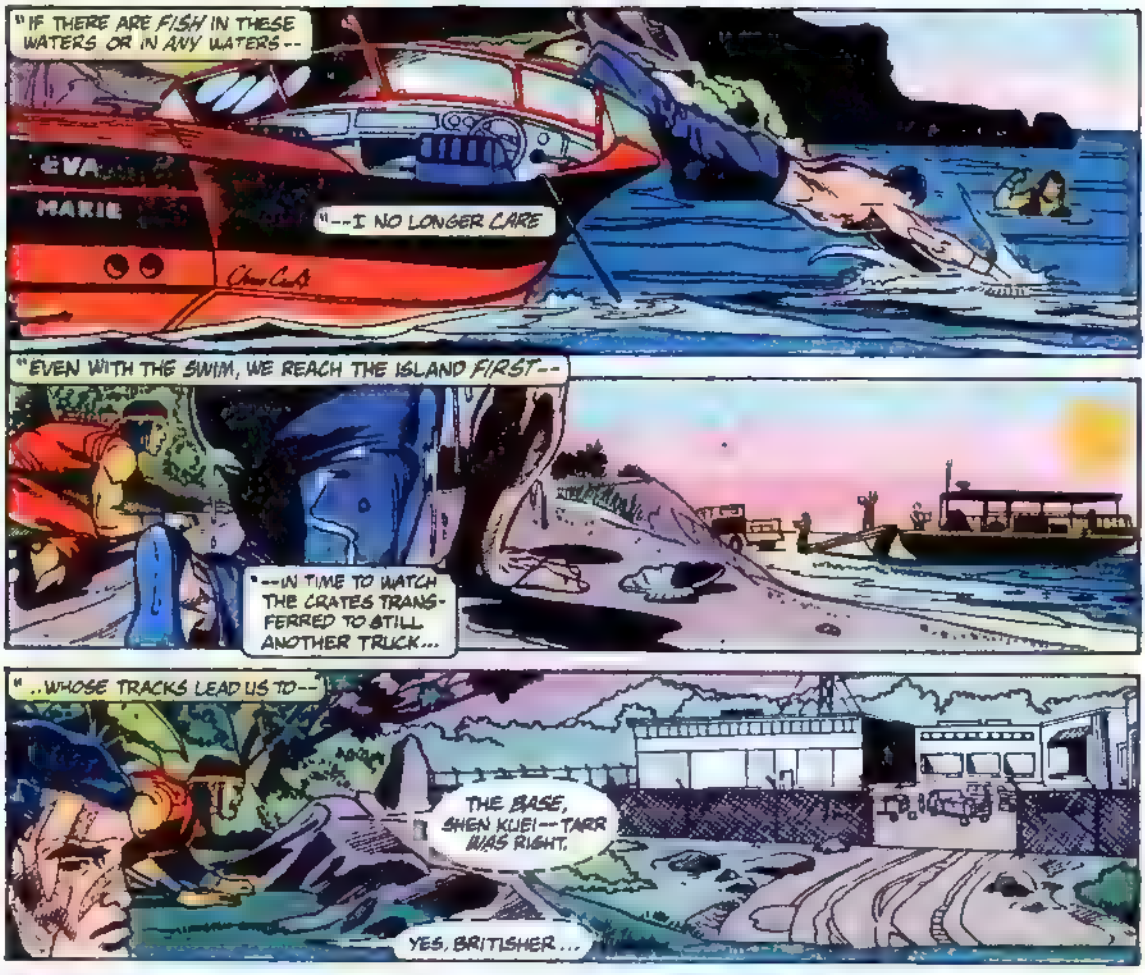
I'M AFRAID I DON'T RECALL SIR
U.S.NEWS
HE'S PREVARICATIN' MAN BUT HE'S GOOD AT IT
"DEMON", MAN? SHE'S RIGHT DOWNSTAIRS -- AN' "TACO BELL" IS WITH ER!
I THINK THEY CALLED ME "LOOSE SCREW"
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
HEY MAN DO NOT IMPUTE MY HONESTY! I AIN'T NO MARINE...
...BUT WHY WOULD I LIE TO A DEAD GUY?
YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME?
YUP WELL, NOT ME PERSONALLY.. I DON'T DO THE RITUALS, MAN
JUST THE STUFF THAT BRINGS IN MONEY
LIKE I CUT UP THAT FAT SENATOR, Y KNOW?
NO MAJOR DEAL
JUST YOUR STANDARD BLOOD FOR BREAD TH NG
BLAM
PODAM

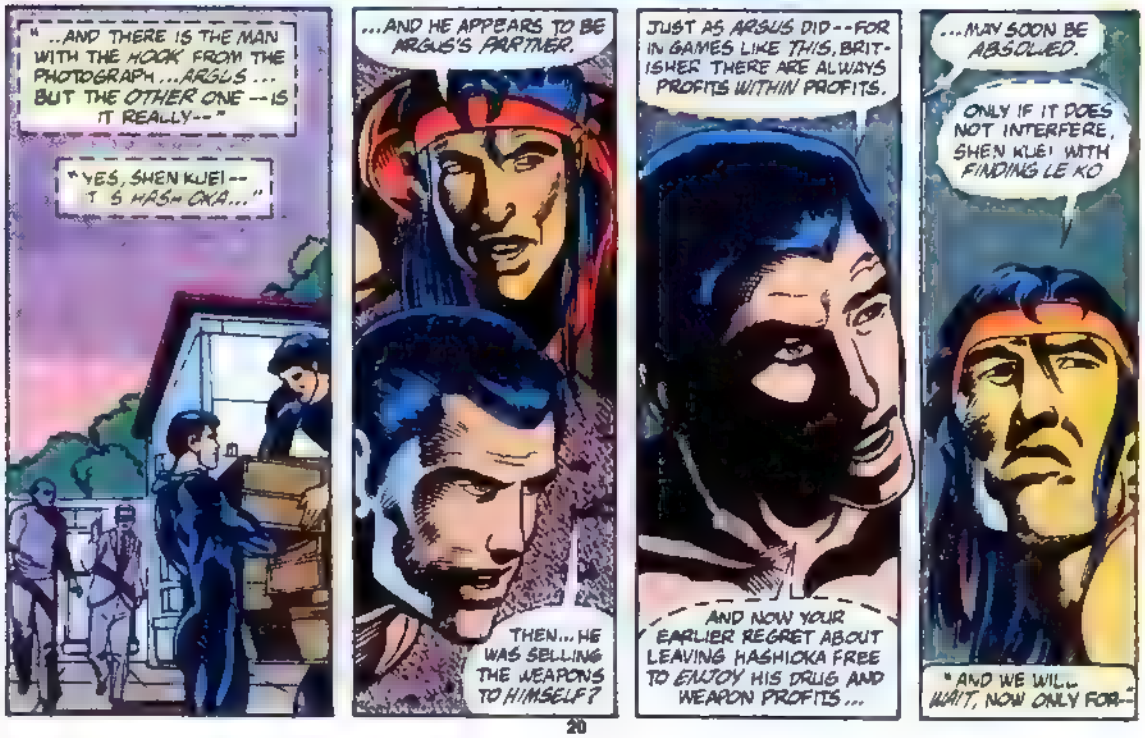
DOWNSTAIRS
IF IT MOVES--
--KILL IT!!
ZAHNER
ZAHNER--- CORNDOG!!
I'M IN--
BDAAM
nrrrng
IT'S OVER, MAREA-- WE'RE TAKIN' YOU OUTTA THE LOOP--!
BLAM
CHOOM
PKOWBOOOM
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

"WE FOLLOW THE TRUCK FILLED WITH WEAPONS, HOPING IT WILL LEAD US TO THE TERRORIST BASE WHERE LEIKO WU IS BEING HELD PRISONER."
OF COURSE, OTHER THAN PROFIT AND PATRIOTISM, ARGUS COULD BE PLANNING SOME COWBOY SOLO STING -- HOPING TO NAIL THE TERRORISTS HIMSELF.
BUT THE WAY HE'S RUNNING IT, THAT'D BLOW UP RIGHT IN HIS FACE --
-- AND THE SCANDAL WOULD PARALYZE THE AMERICANS.
THEY WOULDN'T DARE MOVE AGAINST THE TERRORISTS AFTER THAT -- AND WITH THE ARMS IN HAND, THE TERRORISTS WOULD COME OUT OF IT STRONGER TO BOOT.
A MESS ALL ROUND
WHICH IS WHY WE CAN'T LET IT GET THAT FAR, RESTON -- GOTTA SPIKE ARGUS BEFORE HIS TERROR ALLIANCE MAKES ITS FIRST MOVE.
WITH LEIKO'S LIFE IN THE BALANCE.
MASTER OF KUNG FU!
CROSSING LINES VII HOOKS
GOOD INCENTIVE FOR NOT MUCKIN' IT UP, CHINAMAN.
AN' IT LOOKS LIKE THE FINAL LEG OF THIS BLOODY TWISTED ARMS DEAL IS GONNA BE BY AIR.
TOKYO INTERNATIONAL

"THE LAST CRATE IS LOADED ONTO A PRIVATE CHARTER PLANE--"
HEY--WAIT!!
"--BEFORE RESTON REACHES THE RUNWAY"
SIR THIS IS A RESTRICTED AREA WHICH--
BUT I JUST MISSED MY PLANE TO ATHENS!
THAT CANNOT BE YOUR PLANE, SIR--THAT WAS A PRIVATE CHARTER.
YES, I KNOW, AND I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ON BOARD TO--
AND ITS DESTINATION IS NOT ATHENS--IT IS LOGGED FOR SARDINIA.
EH--? THE ROME NATO CONFERENCE IS "TOO OBVIOUS ALL RIGHT...BUT THAT ALSO MAKES IT LEAST LIKELY
SIR--?
NOTHING--AND THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.
"WITHIN AN HOUR WE ARE ABOARD THE NEXT COMMERCIAL FLIGHT TO SARDINIA
"WITH LUCK, WE WILL ARRIVE BEFORE THE CHARTER.
JAPAN
"IN THE SKY, AND FROM MY PAST LIFE...A MEMORY OF ROME...THE ANCIENT COLISEUM ..A MAD ASSASSIN MASKED AS A GLADIATOR...AND A WOMAN'S HAND, HOLDING A WEAPON ...BUT NOT LEIKO'S HAND...AND I WONDER...

"...WHAT BECAME OF THE FARx ANGE...?"
YOUR TRAY, SIR?
SIR, WE'RE ABOUT TO SERVE YOUR SNACK.
SIR?
SIR...?
"OKAY--WE HAVE FOLLOWED THE CRATES AGAIN, FROM THE AIRPORT IN SARDINIA TO THIS PIER ON THE COAST...
THEY'RE BEIN' LOADED ONTO A SMALL BOAT...
AND... THAT ISLAND OUT THERE...
OU'RE RIGHT, FARR! THAT'S GOT TO BE -- THEIR BASE
AWRIGHT, CHINAMAN, YOU AN' YOUR CAT-TATTOOED FRIEND CAN--
HUH?
GONE ALREADY?
WHY DO THOSE TWO ALWAYS THINK THEY'RE BLOODY HOUDINI SUPERMEN?
COME ON RESTON--AT LEAST THEY'RE "PERMITTIN'" US TO PLAY BACK-UP. SO LET'S GRAB THAT WHIRLYBIRD.
"THERE ARE KEYS IN THE IGNITION OF THE FIRST BOAT WE FIND
"PERHAPS IT IS AN OMEN."


"IF THERE ARE FISH IN THESE WATERS OR IN ANY WATERS--
EVA MARIE
"--I NO LONGER CARE
"EVEN WITH THE SWIM, WE REACH THE ISLAND FIRST--
"--IN TIME TO WATCH THE CRATES TRANSFERRED TO STILL ANOTHER TRUCK...
"..WHOSE TRACKS LEAD US TO--
THE BASE, SHEN KUEI--TARR WAS RIGHT.
YES, BRITISHER...

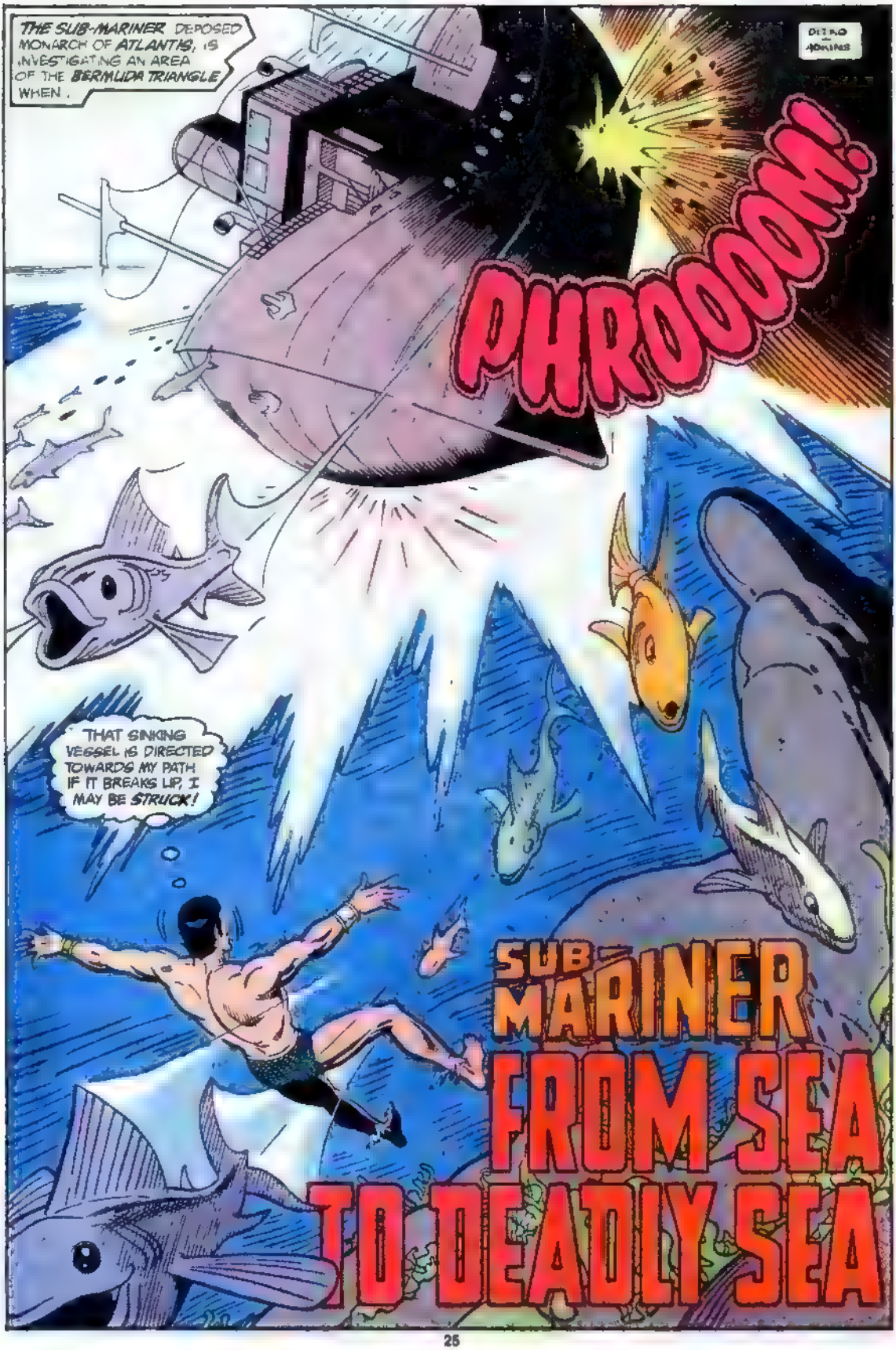

"..AND THERE IS THE MAN WITH THE HOOK FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH...ARGUS... BUT THE OTHER ONE--IS IT REALLY--"
"YES, SHEN KUEI--T S HASH-OKA..."
...AND HE APPEARS TO BE ARGUS'S PARTNER.
THEN...HE WAS SELLING THE WEAPONS TO HIMSELF?
JUST AS ARGUS DID--FOR IN GAMES LIKE THIS, BRITISHER THERE ARE ALWAYS PROFITS WITHIN PROFITS.
AND NOW YOUR EARLIER REGRET ABOUT LEAVING HASHIOKA FREE TO ENJOY HIS DRUG AND WEAPON PROFITS...
...MAY SOON BE ABSOLVED.
ONLY IF IT DOES NOT INTERFERE, SHEN KUEI WITH FINDING LE KO
"AND WE WILL WAIT, NOW ONLY FOR--

"--FULL DARKNESS."
GO!
YOU REALIZE...THEY WILL SEE US.
BUT PERHAPS NOT UNTIL WE ARE INSIDE, WHERE WE CAN--
HEY! HALT! STOP!!
--IMPROVISE?
BRRRRRT
--LAST TIME I WILL ASK, LITTLE LEIKO.
WHY DID YOUR BOYFRIEND, SHANG-CHI, RETURN TO--
BRRRRT
AUTOMATIC FIRE!
AND...THERE'S NO TRAINING EXERCISE TONIGHT!
SH-SHANG...
P-PLEASE... SHANG...
I STILL SAY WE SHOULD HAVE WAITED, TARR...
...GIVEN THEM MORE TIME...

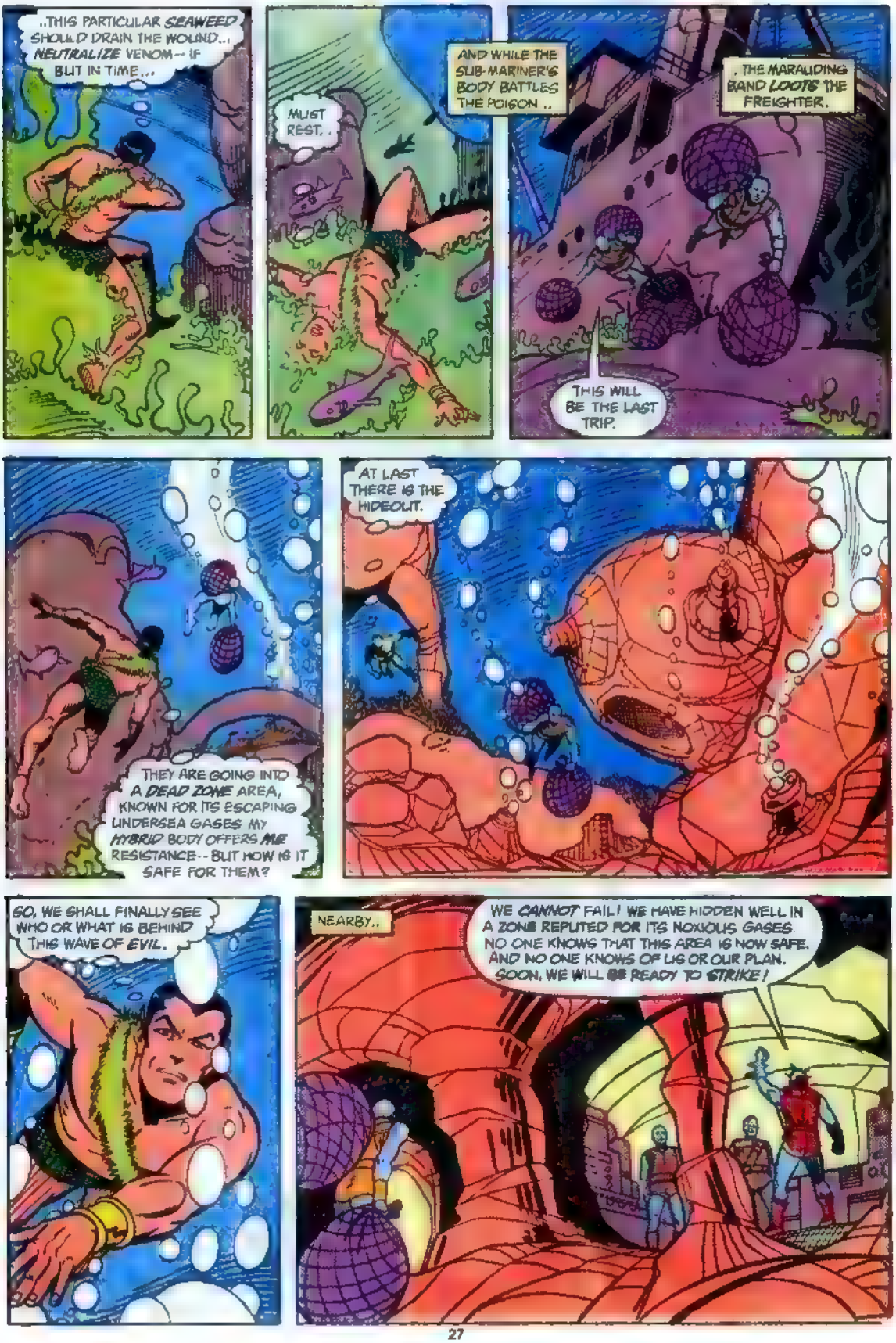
OH YEAH, RESTON? THEN WHAT ABOUT THOSE GUN-FLASHES DOWN THERE?
UH-OH.
ZOOOOOOOSH
"UH-OH" IS RIGHT
THE HOUDINI BOYS HAVE BLOODY WELL BLOWN IT ALREADY!
WOOSH
"THE HELICOPTERS DIVERSION SAVES US.
"BUT NOW TARR AND RESTON ARE IN THE SIGHTS OF THE GUNS--
"--AND THEY MUST BE SAVED."
BAOUM
HWUD
SHRRRK
YOU SPARED THEM A DIRECT HIT, BRITISHER, BUT THEIR CRAFT IS STILL CRIPPLED--AND WILL SOON CRASH!
HWAK
CHUD
COME ON--I SAW THEM JUMP OUT OVER THE WATER!
PLASHH
KAVOUM
"BUT THE WAY IS STILL NOT CLEAR."
SWAK
FRAK
KUH-EH

MOVE, T, TARR--KOFF KOFF--UNLESS WE WANT TO MISS ALL THE FUN.
FUN--? YOU KNOW WHAT THAT WHIRLYBIRD COST, RESTON?!
SO HELP ME, WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON THE CHINAMAN, I'M GONNA BLOODY WELL SQUEEZE!
SHWAK!
MOVE FOR THE ENTRANCE, BRITISHER!
AIEEE...
GET INSIDE!
TOO LATE, SHEN KUEI!
BACK TO BACK--AND LET THEM GET CLOSE
YES...
WHUMP
...SO THEY CANNOT RISK USING THEIR GUNS.

NOW...?
YES ..
"OW!
PAKT
SHUMP
INSIDE, BRITISHER!
I WILL HOLD THEM OFF!
GO!!
FIND LEIKO--FOR US BOTH!
SHAKT
SPUNCH
"BEHIND ME, ONE LAST LOUD CRY, MUCH LIKE THAT OF A CAT...
"AND AHEAD--A SHADOW FROM AROUND THE CORNER ..
"ARGUS! IT IS ARGUS HIMSELF!"
WHERE IS SHE?!
A SEVERED HAND IS A WARNING ONE SHOULD ALWAYS HEED, SHANG-CHI...
BECAUSE NOW, YOU SEE ..THANKS TO YOUR STUPIDITY AND RECKLESSNESS...LITTLE LEIKO WU IS DEAD.
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...


THE SUB-MARINER DEPOSED MONARCH OF ATLANTIS, IS INVESTIGATING AN AREA OF THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE WHEN .
DETAILS ARE MISSING
PHROOOOM!
THAT SINKING VESSEL IS DIRECTED TOWARDS MY PATH IF IT BREAKS UP, I MAY BE STRUCK!
SUB-MARINER
FROM SEA TO DEADLY SEA

FORTUNATE ON TWO COUNTS -- THE HUMAN CREW EVACUATED BEFORE THE SHIP WENT DOWN, AND I ESCAPED WITHOUT INJURY.
FWOOSH!!
I CANNOT HELP BUT ASK IF THE SINKING WAS ACCIDENTAL!
SHWOOSHHHH
AH, STRUCK BY A PIECE OF FLYING DEBRIS
OH, NO, MUCH WORSE -- POINTED BARBS! SHOT AT ME?
AH, IT FEELS P...P...POISONOUS
AFTER HIM! LET'S FINISH THAT @&%# PRINCE NAMOR OFF
WHO DARES THREATEN THE AVENGING SON?!
BUT... GETTING WEAK... MUST ESCAPE.
ANTIDOTE... MUST FIND... AN ANTIDOTE..
WE'VE LOST HIM!
NO MATTER THE EX-KING OF ATLANTIS WILL SOON DIE OF OUR POISONS!


..THIS PARTICULAR SEAWEED SHOULD DRAIN THE WOUND.. NEUTRALIZE VENOM-- IF BUT IN TIME...
MUST REST..
AND WHILE THE SUB-MARINER'S BODY BATTLES THE POISON ..
. THE MARAUDING BAND LOOTS THE FREIGHTER.
THIS WILL BE THE LAST TRIP.
THEY ARE GOING INTO A DEAD ZONE AREA, KNOWN FOR ITS ESCAPING UNDERSEA GASES. MY HYBRID BODY OFFERS ME RESISTANCE-- BUT HOW IS IT SAFE FOR THEM?
AT LAST THERE IS THE HIDEOUT.
SO, WE SHALL FINALLY SEE WHO OR WHAT IS BEHIND THIS WAVE OF EVIL.
NEARBY..
WE CANNOT FAIL! WE HAVE HIDDEN WELL IN A ZONE REPUTED FOR ITS NOXIOUS GASES. NO ONE KNOWS THAT THIS AREA IS NOW SAFE. AND NO ONE KNOWS OF US OR OUR PLAN. SOON, WE WILL BE READY TO STRIKE!

SUBTERRANEAN RIVERS HAVE FORMED THIS MAZE OF PASSAGES. BUT, WHICH ONE DID THEY TAKE.
KLANG!
WHA... TRAPPED!
AN OPENING -- AND SOMEONE IS...
HA HA! TRAPPED LIKE A WEDGED CLAM! THIS TIME YOU'RE FINISHED, PRINCE NAMOR!!
WHO?!
BUT BEFORE THE SUB-MARINER CAN ACT...
WOOSH
SHARKS, BUT SO UNNATURAL -- MUTANT SHARKS!!
YOU ARE BROTHERS OF THE SEA, BUT MUTATED SOMEHOW -- BEYOND HOPE, LIKE MARRINA * WE HAD TO KILL THE EVIL THAT OVER-CAME HER, JUST AS NOW I MUST FIGHT YOUR SAVAGERY
ONLY CHANCE -- IF I CAN JUST MAKE HIM BLEED...
*SEE AVENGERS # 293. -- TK.
AGAIN I HAD NO CHOICE NOW, THEY ARE FEEDING ON HIM.
A HOLE... LOOKS BIG ENOUGH, BUT IS IT AN ESCAPE? WHERE MIGHT IT LEAD?
FAR AWAY, DEEP WITHIN THE CAVERNS...
IS THE SUB-MARINER DEAD, ZOGA?
HE IS BY NOW, RUTHAR

THERE IS NO ONE AS STRONG OR UNCOMPROMISING-- NO OTHER THREAT TO MATCH HIM!
WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE NEUTRALIZING ATLANTIS'S DEFENSES NOW, RUTHAR! AND THEN I CAN FINALLY LEAVE THIS DEAD BONE!
WHEN WE STRIKE, WE'LL WIPE OUT ALL OPPOSITION! THEN WE WILL RULE ATLANTIS, ZOGA
"HOW CAN WE FAIL? THE CARGO FROM OUR "ACCIDENTALLY" SUNKEN FREIGHTERS ARE PROVIDING THE MILITARY MATERIALS WE NEED..
" AND OUR MEN HAVE BEEN TRAINED IN ALL TYPES OF WEAPONRY THEY ARE READY FOR BATTLE ATLANTIS WILL SOON BE OURS! "
"YES, AND THEN WE'LL ESTABLISH AN ISLAND BASE TO RULE THE SHIPPING LANES, THEN THE OCEANS. THINK OF IT-- NOW THAT OUR ONLY TRUE OPPOSITION IS DEAD."
I'M IN RANGE...
TIME TO CONTACT RUTHAR
THE MUNITIONS CASE IS ALL WE NEED OVER.
WE'LL BE DOCKING TO TAKE ON WATER AND SUPPLIES, OVER.
I'M STANDING BY TO PREPARE THE SHIP FOR SINKING.
ANOTHER CASE OF PRIZE WEAPONS TO ADD TO OUR LIST OF SUNKEN TREASURE
STAND BY FOR SIGNAL OVER.
JUST THE SORT I MIGHT EXPECT... THE DREGS OF THE SURFACE WORLD --ESCAPED CRIMINALS, RENEGADES --AND THE SLIME OF THE SEA-- TRAITORS OF ATLANTIS.
BUT WHO IS BEHIND IT? WHO IS...
DON'T MOVE!
WHO...?!

BY THOSE POINTED EARS, I GATHER YOU ARE THE SUB-MARINER THAT I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF--I'M RUTHAR. BUT ENOUGH OF THE SMALL TALK--I'VE COME TO MAKE SURE YOU STAY DEAD!
I SHALL NOT DIE ALONE, RUTHAR. YOU WILL JOIN ME.
NO, UNWANTED KING--YOUR LOYAL FOLLOWERS WILL JOIN ME! ATLANTIS WILL HAVE NEW RULERS, AND A NEW DESTINY!
WELL, THEN, I WILL NOT NEED THIS.
NO, YOU PROBABLY WON'T. IT CERTAINLY WON'T STOP THIS LASER AND, WITHOUT ALL THE SEAWEED, I CAN BE CERTAIN NOT TO MISS.
UNSUSPECTED AND UNNOTICED, THE SUB-MARINER CRUSHES THE PULPY SEAWEED -- SQUIRTING A FINE, BITTER SPRAY...
SQUIRT
CRUNCH
AHH!! WHA... BLINDED??!!
WHAT SAY YOU NOW, RUTHAR?
LLLLLT
NOOO!!
BY THE GOLDEN GATES OF ATLANTIS, I SWEAR...
POW!
...YOU WILL NOT SUCCEED!
THWACK
KLUMPH!
!??ZOGA!!
YES, PINK-SKINNED NAMOR, ONCE-POWERFUL DESPOT. YOU HAD WRITTEN ME OFF -- AND NOW LOOK AT YOU!! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FINISH YOU MYSELF!
BUT HOW COULD YOU SURVIVE YOUR YEARS OF EXILE IN THE DEAD ZONE?
LIKE MY PRETTY PET SHARKS, THE GASES MUTATED MY BODY INTO SPIKES OF HATRED!

I'VE HAD TIME TO PLAN REVENGE ON YOU, FALLEN KING OF ATLANTIS. I WON'T BE STOPPED BY A HALF-BREED!
KRRACK!
IF THE SUB-MARINER WINS...
PRAY TO NEPTUNE HE DOES!
DON'T WORRY, ZOGA WILL KILL HIM.
SSSPLASSH!
I'LL RIP YOU OPEN YET!
RRRUMBLE!
ALTHOUGH WEAK FROM THE POISONED BARB, NAMOR'S HYBRID STRENGTH STILL GIVES HIM THE ADVANTAGE, OR AT LEAST--A CHANCE.
WHACK!
HA! ADMIT DEFEAT, BOTTOM FEEDER! YOU CAN'T HOLD OUT AGAINST ME!
MY ONLY ONE... CHANCE...
WWWHUFF!
WHA!!
...PUT ALL I HAVE INTO IT.
AAHHH!
TASTE YOUR OWN SPIKES OF HATRED, ZOGA.

AH, NO! DRAWING THE SHARKS...!!
...YOU MAY TELL YOUR PETS OF YOUR POWER NOW, ZOGA.
SWOOOSH!
SNAP!
A SOMEWHAT CLOSE CALL.
ZOGA IS DEAD!
NAMOR WILL HAVE NO MERCY FOR TRAITORS LIKE US NOW!
HE'LL HAVE TO FIND ME FIRST!
ELSEWHERE ON THE SURFACE...
STILL NO SIGNAL. SOMETHING'S WRONG. I'LL HAVE TO LET THE SHIP GO.
ALTHOUGH UNWITTINGLY, THE SUB-MARINER ONCE AGAIN SECURES THE SAFETY OF THE SURFACE WORLD!
BACK INSIDE THE CENTRAL CHAMBER, NAMOR WORKS...
I MUST ENSURE THAT THIS EVIL SCHEME IS FINISHED.
BAVOOM!
NO ONE WILL USE IT TO THREATEN MY HOMELAND, ATLANTIS, AGAIN.
EVEN IF I CAN NO LONGER RIGHTFULLY CALL IT SUCH...
THE END.

FEATURING
MASTER OF KUNG FU
THE SUB-MARINER
THE MAN-THING